A

SATIRE.

Οἷον καὶ ἔιπης, τοῖον καὶ ἐπαχθσαις. Hom.

——tolluntur in altum,
Ut lapſu graviore ruant—— Claud.

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IT is hop'd the ſmall Comment which attends this Poem will not be thought an Affectation of Learning, ſince it is only inſerted, through the Modeſty of the Author, who thinks it unfair in any Writer to borrow, even the remoteſt Hints from others, and not confeſs the Obligation.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A SATIRE.

WHILE, WALPOLE, thou'rt engag'd in *Britain*'s Cauſe,
To aid her Senates, or enforce her Laws * ;
Like floating *Delos*, while ſecure ſhe glides,
Nor fears the bluſtry Storms, nor ſounding Tides ;
Her grateful Sons thy Vigilance repay,
In heavy Libel, and profaning Lay :
Fops, Patriots, Cits, their feeble Lines diſperſe ;
Peers club their Jokes, and Lawyers plead in Verſe :
Swift thro' each vocal Street their Labours fly,
Firſt, faintly glimmer, and then quickly dye.

Thus ſhort-liv'd Comets blaze a dazzling Light ;
They now are ſeen ; now, vaniſh out of Sight.
Thus Dunghil-Vapours take their miſty Birth ;
Shine for a-while, then headlong ſink to Earth.

Let others in raſh, lawleſs Faction mix,
And ſuck the Clouds that wave o'er Politicks :
Purſue the grov'ling Patriot's mazy Dance,
And thro' the Plaſh of his Intrigues advance :
'Tis thine, to act th' ungiddy *Briton*'s Part,
And bear in Courts the firm, and equal Heart ;
The diſtant Bounds of Zeal and Reaſon blend,
Nor leſs thy Country's, than thy Monarch's Friend.

---

* Cum tot ſuſtineas & tanta negotia ſolus,
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus emendes———————*Hor. Epiſt.* 1. *Lib.* 2.

No rumbling Nonſenſe bluſters from thy Tongue ‖;
No ſenſeleſs Trifles ſmoothly ſlide along;
But if in Senates thou thy Voice ſhouldſt raiſe,
Curb'd are their Tumults, and their Murmurs ceaſe *:
The heady Vulgar feel thy pointed Senſe,
And ſtill the Noiſe of loud-tongu'd Inſolence.
Tho' far beneath thine high, and wakeful Sphere,
Too greatly ſerious for the Muſes Care,
Thou do'ſt not deign to draw the Poet's Pen,
Nor honour with thy Laſh flagitious Men;
Yet, WALPOLE, for a Moment condeſcend †
To leave thy Cares, and hear no venal Friend!

Thy Smiles alone be all the Poet's Praiſe;
Thy Worth, which firſt inſpir'd, approve my Lays!

O aid me, with a juſt, indignant Rage,
To ſcourge the great Diſturbers of our Age;
To teach miſguided Rabbles to reclaim,
And ſervile Bards to tremble at thy Name.
So in my Verſe ſhall all their Crimes ſurvive:
Thus monſtrous Births in Spirits ſeem alive.

Had I (Bard's Wiſh!) an hundred Mouths to ope ‡,
An hundred Tongues to give my Genius Scope;
Thoſe Tongues wou'd tire, and all that Breath wou'd fail **
Each Name obſcure, each Knave and Fool to tell:

‖ Tu neque anhelanti coquitur dum maſſa camino,
Folle premis ventos: nec clauſo murmure raucus
Neſcio quid tecum grave cornicaris ineptè,
Nec Scloppo tumidas intendis rumpere buccas.
Verba togæ ſequeris, junctură callidus acri
Ore teres modico, pallentes radere mores
Doctus, & ingenuo culpam defigere ludo. *Perſ. 5 Sat.*

The four firſt of theſe Lines are cited, being an exact Deſcription of a certain Gentleman's Turgeſcencies in the Houſe of C———

Ὅσσόν τ' ἐννεάχιλον ἔτι ἄχον, ἢ δεκάχιλον. Hom.
——————— μίγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν Ὄλυμπον. Hom.

* ——————————— tumultum
Compoſuit vultû, dextrâque ſilentia juſſit. *Lucan.*
Τὸν ἀιχμάτων χεραυνὸν σθέννυθεὶς. Pind.

† ——————— in publica commoda peccem,
Si longo Sermone morer tua tempora——— *Hor.*

‡ That this, among many other extravagant and unobtainable Wiſhes, is common to a Poet, we may find from *Perſius*.

Vatibus hic mos eſt, centum ſibi poſcere voces,
Centum ora, & linguas optare in carmina centum. 5 *Sat.*

* * Πληθὺν δ'οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι, οὐδ' ὀνομήνω,
Οὐδ' εἰ μοὶ δέκα μὲν γλῶσσαι, δέκα δὲ στοματ' εἶεν. Hom. 2 Il.
Non mihi ſi centum linguæ ſint, oraque centum,
Ferrea vox, omnes ſcelerum comprendere formas,
Omnia pœnarum percurrere nomina poſſim. *Virg. 6 Æn.*

* But

* But Chiefs I'll ſing; th' heroic Chiefs ſubdue.
Then drops of courſe the weak dependent Crew.

So when the proud, ſupporting Elms decay †,
Their baleful Ivy rots, and dies away!

Manubius firſt my Catalogue ſhall grace:
To ſuch a Chief belongs the foremoſt Place.
A hardy Leader! fam'd full many a Day,
For Pamphlet, Journal, and for quaint Eſſay!

Recall'd and pardon'd, ſtill he dares offend,
Traytor not only to his King, but Friend!
Falſe to each Party, tho' a Spy on both:
Nor Faith, nor Friendſhip, binds his plighted Oath:
His Oath, his Word, his Honour he foregoes,
And ſtabs the Friend, to whom his Life he owes.

Equal in Age, as equal in his Youth,
For raiſing Falſhood, or for puzzling Truth;
Thus *Albion*'s phantom'd Fears he multiplies,
As Shadows moſt increaſe when Miſts ariſe.
But Shadows all! for ſoon our Reaſon ſhows
How vain our Fears, and whence thoſe Phantoms roſe.
Experience rules us by her gentler Sway,
And clears the Evening of our cloudy Day.

Experience is the Autumn of our Years;
Our Paſſions fall, like Leaves, when Fruit appears.

But thou art reſtleſs to provoke thy Fate,
And ſting the Mercy, which you found ſo late;
With new-form'd Treaſons to work out thy Death,
Thankleſs and buſy to thy lateſt Breath!

Thus, to himſelf, the Silkworm lives a Prey;
Twiſts the Fate's Thread, and ſpins his Life away.

True to thy Cauſe, behold yon' tutor'd Friend!
Of him what Wonders did'ſt thou not portend!
When firſt to Court he drove his Weſtern Car,
And in thy Hemiſphere became a Star:
His factious Breaſt he open'd to thy View,
And thence thy Omens of *Vagellius* grew.

So Augurs ne'er prophetic Gift poſſeſt,
Till firſt they view'd the Garbage of the Beaſt.

---

* Αρχοὺς αὖ ἐρίω. Hom.

† Stratus humi palmes viduas deſiderat ulmos. *Juv.* 8 *Sat.*

Bleſs'd Omen! hark, *Vagellius* ſtrains his Voice
In horrid Clamour, and diſcordant Noiſe.
Harſh tedious Metaphors his Speech prolong,
And clatt'ring Words come tumbling down his Tongue.

Thus Eccho bounding Seas from Shore to Shore,
Boiſt'rouſly murm'ring tho' the Storm be o'er.

Recruited into Strength, he forward ſprings,
And adds a Fury to the Might he brings,
Bounteous of Ill! then iſſues forth a Flood
Of foamy Miſchiefs, and inteſtine Blood.

Like thine, impetuous, ſev'n-mouth'd *Nilus* roars;
Fell Monſters rattle where his Deluge pours.

Ah! what avail thy nightly, prouling Cares,
Thy Cobweb-Reas'nings, and thy reptile Snares;
Thy witleſs Satires, clumſy Ralleries;
Thy *Tory* Anſwers, and thy *Whig* Replies!
For ne'er, *Vagellius!* ſhalt thou fated be,
To fit the Firſt of *Britain*'s Treaſury.

But ſee, dread Sight, *Mezentius* ſtruts abroad *!
Collected Crouds move dreadful to his Nod!
Lo, Swarms on Swarms in rapid Whirlwinds meet,
Refuſe of Shops, and Gleanings of the Street!
South, Eaſt, and Weſt, in ſwift Confuſion jar †,
Devote to Death, and whiz a Civil War:
In thund'rous Peals their ſtruggling Vows are heard,
Nor Kings, nor States, nor Senates are rever'd.

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* Primus init bellum Tyrrhenis aſper ab oris
Contemptor Divum Mezentius, agminaque armat. *Virg.* 7 *Æn.*

——————te progenitum Cybeleius ære ſonoro
Luſtrabat Corybas——————*Claud.*

Μὴ ἀτὰρ οὐ κατὰ κόσμον ἐειζέμεναι βασιλεῦσιν. Hom. Il. 2.

Illuſtriſſimo Viro, *&c. &c.*
Cum, pecus ignavum, ſtimulet vox veſtra Britannos,
An ſit mirandum, quod mihi Divus eris?
Orpheus fecit ſylvas ſaltare ſequentes:
Sed motû pariter, tu nemus omne facis.
Pridiè Calendarum Aprilis, Anno ——

† Κινήθη δ' ἀγορὴ, ὥς κύματα μακρὰ θαλάσσης
Πόντιε Ἰκαρίοιο, τὰ μὲν τ' εὖρός τε νότος τε
Ὦρσε ἐπαίξας πατρὸς Διὸς ἐκ νεφελάων. Hom. 2 Il.

Una euruſque, notuſque ruunt, creberque procellis
Africus: & vaſtos volvunt ad litora fluctus.
Inſequitur clamorque virûm, ſtridorque rudentum. *Virg.* 1 *Æn.*

Inter ſe quorum diſcordia membra videmus;
Prima Leo, poſtrema Draco, medio ipſa Chimæra. *Lucret.*

Δεσπόται δὲ τῶ μὲν σωμάτων ἄνθρωποι, ψυχῶν
Δὲ κακία, κ᾽ πάθη——

O thou, who long this ruſhing Torrent ſtemm'd,
Its Fall prevented, and its Threats contemn'd:
Whoſe conſtant Toils thy Country's Fate direct,
Repel the Pow'rful, and the Weak protect!
Lament not, WALPOLE, thy lov'd *Britain*'s Foes
Refuſe thy Counſels, and her Peace oppoſe:
Ev'n *Iſrael*'s Sons, a God's-ſelected Band *;
Forgot the *Gideon* that had ſav'd their Land.

Tho' we're ungrateful, let thine Aid be near:
O ſtill exert thy tutelary Care!
Then ſhall perplex'd Contention roar in vain,
And Peace, in Triumph, ſhall return again.

And ſee! th' ignoble Crouds forget their Rage:
Their Wrath thy Charms of Eloquence aſſuage †.
No more their Leaders tempting Baits miſguide,
Their Paſſions ſettle, and their Fears ſubſide.

So when the hot-brain'd *Catiline* rebell'd ‡,
His impious Force the God-like *Roman* quell'd:
In Virtue's Cauſe each honeſt Breaſt he warm'd;
And like a WALPOLE, then a *Tully* charm'd.

Yet ſtill *Mezentius* 'mid the Rabble flies,
To ſow their deep-ſoil'd Ears with fruitful Lyes * *;
Inclines, abets, inſtructs the willing Throng,
And calls forth all the Magic of his Tongue.

'Tis thine, great Patriot! to inſtil Debate † †,
And fix in Brothers Hearts a mutual Hate;
With needleſs Fears a giddy Crowd inſpire,
And blow thy Country to an endleſs Fire!

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* See the 6th, 7th, and 8th Chapters of the Book of *Judges*.

† ——————qui poſtquam voce manuque,
Murmura compreſſit—————— *Ovid.*

‡ Quis Catilina, *&c.*——————
——————arma tamen vos
Nocturna, & flammas domibus, templiſque parâſtis.
Sed vigilat Conſul, vexillaque veſtra coercet. *Juv.* 8 *Sat.*

By the *Roman* Law, an Incendiary was condemned to wear the *Tunica moleſta*, or *pitch'd Coat*, and then to be burnt alive. *Tacit. Ann. S.* 44.

* * Cultor enim juvenum purgatas inſeris aures
Fruge Cleantheâ—————— *Perſ.* 5 *Sat.*

† † Tu potes unanimes armare in prælia fratres,
Atque odiis verſare domos: tu verbera tectis,
Funereaſque inferre faces: tibi nomina mille,
Mille nocendi artes fœcundum concute pectus,
Disjice compoſitam pacem, ſere crimina belli. *Virg.* 7 *Æn.*

O ſacred Hunger! direful Luſt of Gold!
What Leagues of Friendſhip can thy Pow'r withhold!
Gain dwells a Tyrant in th' ambitious Mind,
And leaves repining Virtue far behind.

But ſay, thou haughty, matchleſs, ſtubborn Friend *,
To what do all theſe wond'rous Efforts tend?
Thy generous Foe ſhall, with contemptuous Pride,
Deſpiſe thy Malice, and thy Schemes deride.
Thus takes our Breath the flawleſs Brilliant's Plane,
To caſt it off with noble Scorn again.
In Tempeſts thus the ſelf propp'd *Iſthmus* rears †
His tow'ring Head; nor Storm, nor Thunder fears:
Fix'd on himſelf alone, his awful Sides
Spurn clinging Weeds, and laſh reſounding Tides.

Ceaſe then, *Mezentius*, buſy Patriot, ceaſe
Thy votive Oaths, and ill-tim'd Zeal repreſs!
In vain thy Pamphlet ecchoing Alleys bawl,
Or turgid Journal, or ſoft Madrigal:
Like whelming Swimmers, naked to the View,
The more you ſtrive, the more your Weakneſs ſhew.

But no Advice or Friendſhip can controul
The mad, ambitious Licence of thy Soul ‡;
Whoſe public Sallies ſtart from private Ends **,
And, as they riſe, corrupt thy baffled Friends.

Thus Culprit, climbing *Tyburn*'s Tree, declares,
He mounts th' Empyrean Sky, and ſeeks the Stars.
So when the Snail obſcene attempts to climb,
He leaves behind a Portion of his Slime.

---

* *Tully*, in his Treatiſe of Friendſhip, ſays, Ego vos hortari tantum poſſum, ut Amicitiam omnibus rebus humanis anteponatis, nihil eſt enim tam naturæ aptum, tam conveniens ad res vel ſecundas, vel adverſas——— yet we ſee how much a certain Gentleman, who ſhould be thought a great Admirer of this Author, hath obſerved his Precept. But, as *Tully* rightly ſays in the ſame Place, Nec ſine Virtute, Amicitia eſſe ullo pacto poteſt.

Certamen ſublime diu, ſed moribus impar
Virtutem fuit——— *Claud.*

† Ille, velut rupes vaſtum quæ prodit in æquor,
Obvia ventorum furiis expoſtaque ponto,
Vim cunctam atque Minas perfert cælique mariſque
Ipſa immota manens——— *Virg. Æn.* 10.

‡ Αἰδέ τοι κεφαλὴ πάλιν ὥς ἐτὶν ἀτειρὴς
Ὅς' εἶσιν δὲ δυεῖς——— Hom.

Ἐμοῦ ζῶντος γαῖα μιχθήτω πυρί, a frequent Saying of *Nero*. Vid. *Sueton.*

** Sed ſimul ac cupidæ mentis ſatiata libido eſt,
Dicta nihil metuere, nihil perjuria curant. *Catull.*

While

While you, ſtrange Fate! for Freedom ſtorm and rave,
Thou art, thyſelf, the meaneſt Paſſion's Slave *.
Lo! ſpleenful Envy ſhoots a rankling Dart †,
And reigns a Sultan in thy jealous Heart:
Quick thro' thy Veins the ſtinging Furies run,
Erect new Commonwealths, and Kings dethrone.

So the fierce Bull, who ſees his Rival bleſt ‡,
With glowing Rage inſpires his ſwelling Breaſt;
To mar his Joy, he bellows in Diſmay,
Spurns up the Sands, and pants whole Clouds away.

While bubbling Streams their Parent Fountains ſhun **:
While refluent Tides into their Ocean run:
While Nymphs for Love, or Miſers ſigh for Gold,
So long thy Name, and Projects ſhall be told.

Next hoary *Codrus* in the Throng appears,
Untir'd by railing, and unbent by Years.
Full on the Foe he drives his laviſh Senſe ††,
And ſheds his Wrath in *Aſian* Eloquence ‡‡.

Not louder Shouts from Hell's deep Centre riſe,
When griſly *Pluto* ſhakes the nether Skies;
Each dozing Monſter ſtartles at the Sound,
And the bleak Region echoes round and round.

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* Quiſnam igitur liber? ſapiens ſibi qui imperioſus. *Hor. Lib.* 2. *Sat.* 7.

Liber eſt qui ſervitutem effugit ſui: hæc eſt aſſidua & ineluctabilis ſervitus. *Senec. Nat. Quaſt.*

† Rumpitur invidia quod turbâ ſemper ab omni
Monſtramur digito——— *Mart.*

Αιψα γὰρ ἐν κακότητι βεβοτὶ κατατήκεται κῆρ. Heſiod.

———cum dira libido
Moverit ingenium, ferventi tincta veneno:
Virtutem videant, intabeſcantque relicta. *Perſ.* 3 *Sat.*

‡ ——— hians immanè, comaſque arrexit, & hæret
Viſceribus ſuper accumbens: lavit improba teter
Ora cruor:
Sic ruit in denſos alacer Mezentius hoſtes. *Virg.* 10 *Æn.*

Tels deux fougueux Taureaux de jealouſié épris,
Auprés d'une Geniſſe au front large et ſuperbe,
Oubliant tous les jours le Paſturage et l'Herbe,
A l'aſpect l'un de l'autre embrazez, furieux,
Déja, le front baiſsé, ſe menacent des yeux. *Lutr.* 5 *Cant.*

* * In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbræ
Luſtrabunt convexa, polus dum ſidera paſcet,
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudeſque manebunt. *Virg.* 1 *Æn.*

†† Hic ſtupet attonitus Roſtris: hunc plauſus hiantem
Per cuneos (gemitus enim) plebiſque, patrumque
Corripuit——— *Virg.* 2 *Georg.*

‡‡ Nuper ventoſa iſtæc & enormis loquacitas Athenas ex Aſia commigravit, animoſque juvenum ad magna ſurgentes, veluti peſtilenti quodam ſidere afflavit. *Pet. Arb.*

His well-known Sounds War's ſleeping Terrors wake:
Ye Stateſmen, tremble, and ye Senates, ſhake!

Thus yells the hungry Wolf in dead of Night:
His Howls the peaceful Flocks awake and fright.

Yet haſty *Codrus*, why wilt thou engage
In raſh Attempts beyond thy deſtin'd Age?
Let younger Eyes ſpy Dangers from afar,
In War ſee Truces, and in Peace ſee War ‖.

What Glory may not mighty *Craſſus* claim,
Loaded with Merits of his——Father's Name *.
He owes his Honour to his Anceſtry;
His Succeſſors will ne'er his Debtors be.

My Lord, ſo great his Ardor for a Jeſt,
Will ſet his Mark to any keen Proteſt.
The pond'rous Peer, in Majeſty of Fat †,
Slumbers in Senates to reform the State.
Penſively dull, and rudely unſincere;
Thoughtfully ſtupid, triflingly ſevere.
A Learning-Boaſt of unſcholaſtic Head:
Unskill'd in *Latin*, and in *Greek* unread.
What tho' thy Shelves extend their letter'd Rows,
And each fair Volume in gilt Cover glows ‡;
To pleaſe my Lady the gay Things appear,
For ſhe, and not *Apollo*, plucks thine Ear **.

To thee, in Form, tho' venal Bards rehearſe † †,
And damn thy own No-virtues into Verſe;

Believe

‖ This alludes to the unreaſonable and inſipid Cavils at our late foreign Negotiations; the lamentable and worn out Subject of all riff-raff Railers and Rhymers againſt the Miniſtry.——— Thus the modeſt Author of the State Dunces.

" Of warful Peaces, and of peaceful Wars."

Fœdera turbaſti, teque hæc in bella dediſti. *Virg.*

* Malo pater tibi ſit Therſites, dummodo tu ſis
Æacidæ ſimilis, Vulcaniaque arma capeſſas,
Quam te Therſitæ ſimilem producat Achilles. *Juv.* 8 *Sat.*

Licet ſuperbus ambules pecuniâ,
Fortuna non mutat genus. *Hor. Epod.* 4.

† Semivirumque bovem, ſemibovemque virum. *Ovid.*
Cui eſſet Os ferreum, Cor plumbeum. *Suet.*

‡ Τὰ βιβλία ἀνελίττεις ἀεὶ, καὶ διάχολλας, καὶ μετόπτεις, καὶ ἀλείφεις. Lucian. ad indoctum.

* * ——————mihi Cynthius aurem
Vellit——————*Virg.*

† † Scilicet hæc populo, perunſque, togaque recenti,
Et natalitiâ tandem cum Sardonyche albus,
Sede leget celsâ, liquido cum plaſmate guttur
Mobile colluerit, patranti fractus ocello. *Perſ.* 1 *Sat.*

Auditur

Believe (for once) a Poet's honeſt Word,
Fate ſpoil'd a Plowman to create a Lord ‡‡.

Yet pallid *Zoilus*, what *Dæmon*'s Curſe
To quit Employments cou'd thine Av'rice force?
Like *Homer*'s Tripod, fix'd on Wheels of Gold ‖‖,
From Place to Place ſpontaneous thou haſt roll'd.

But Envy ſmarts, and ſees a vacant Place
Confer'd on Merit, ſtamp thy new Diſgrace.
Hence Diſappointment ſpurs a ſudden Wrath,
Hence Faith unpromis'd titled broken Faith;
And here thy Fury ſquanders, in an Hour,
The Toils of Ages, and Rewards of Pow'r.

Thus the long-piling Structure falls, at laſt,
The Sport, and Victim of ſome adverſe Blaſt.

See ſtamm'ring *Blæſus* lolling in Debate;
The Youth muſt ſhake the Dice-Box, or the State!
Yet lo! his Wiſhes wayward Fortune balks;
Rook'd when he plays, and laugh'd at when he talks.

Did the dull Fool his prompted Nothings bawl,
Ev'n crackling Geeſe have ſav'd a Capitol:
But he can ſcarce a faultring Sentence ſtrain *:
Like *Balaam*'s Aſs, he ſpeaks but to complain.

P——y! ill takes the Bent of thy Command;
This plaſtic Statue, moulded by thine Hand †;

Auditur toto ſæpe poeta die. *Mart.*

Nequicquam Populo *bibulas* donaveris aures.
Reſpice quod non es: tollat ſua munera cerdo:
Tecum habita, & noris quam ſit tibi curta ſupellex. *Perſ. 4 Sat.*

‡‡ Οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ σέο φημὶ χερειότερον βροτὸν ἄλλον
Ἔμμεναι——Hom.

——deſuntque manus poſcentibus arvis. *Luc.*

‖‖ Τέσσυσι γὰρ ἑκάστοις ἄνακτες ἔτυχον
Ἑσσάμεναι πρὶ πίλον εὐσαθέος μεγάροιο
Χρύσεα δὴ σφ' ὑπὸ κύκλα ἑκάστῳ πυθμένι, θῆκεν
Ὄφρα οἱ αὐτόματοι θεῖον δυσαίατ' ἀγῶνα,
Ἠδ' αὖτις πρὸς δῶμα νέοιατο, θαῦμα ἰδέσθαι. Hom. Il. 18.

* Eliquat, & tenero ſupplantat verba palato. *Perſ. 1 Sat.*

† ——truncoque ſimillimus Hermæ;
Nullo quippe alio vincis diſcrimine, quam quod
Illi marmoreum caput eſt, tua vivit imago. *Juv. 8 Sat.*
Inceſſum, motumque docet, fandique pudorem,
Qualiter artificis victuræ pollice ceræ
Accipiunt formas, ignemque manumque ſequuntur. *Stat. Theb.*
Artificemque tuo ducit ſub pollice vultum. *Perſ.*

Παν δὲ τὸ σκληρὸν χαλεπῶς μαλάττεται. Plut. de Inſt. Lib.

But rather, as *Perſius* ſays,

Udum & molle lutum es——
—— fælicia tempora, quæ te
Moribus opponunt! ——*Juv.*

In

In vain thou toil'ſt an Orator to make:
True, were his Memory better, he might ſpeak ‡.

Not *Albius* thus: his Numbers eaſy flow,
Or wake our Joy, or tune our Hearts to Woe.

If Truth, as heretofore, thy Voice inſpire,
Attentive Crouds hark, tremble, and admire!

But when Revenge thy wav'ring Tongue employs,
And ſelf-plac'd Intereſt guides thy fraudful Voice;
Not all the Charms thy Rhet'ric can impart;
Not all thy labour'd Elegance of Art;
Oft-vary'd Periods, and oft-quoted Books,
Pathetic Motions, and *Sardonic* Looks *,
Have Pow'r to move: but all conclude, the Heart,
So prompt to change, ſtill plays a double Part.

Lo *Coſſus* there! than whom none more renown'd †,
To fill the ſullen Braſs with warlike Sound:
Than whom none more in Feats of Valour ſkill'd,
To meet the Foe, or preſs him to the Field.

Poſſeſs'd of Fame, impatient ſtill of more,
He dares his Leaders, and provokes their Pow'r:
And now, behold, in Crouds the Warrior ſtands,
With loud Laments to wail his loſt Commands.

So the once happy, but now buzzing Drone,
Expell'd th' induſtrious Hive, and ſtingleſs grown,
Hums Diſcord to each Ear, with Grief oppreſs'd,
And pines for golden Sweets he ne'er ſhall taſte.

---

‡ Il heſite, il begaye, et le triſte Orateur
Demeure enfin muet aux yeux du Spectateur. *Lut. 6 Cant.*

Obſtupuit, ſteteruntque comæ, & vox faucibus hæſit. *Virg.* 3 *Æn.*
Incipit effari, mediâque in voce reſiſtit. 4 *Æn.*

Δαιμόνι' ἀτρέμας ἧσο, καὶ ἄλλων μῦθον ἄκουε,
Οἱ σέο φέρτεροί εἰσι· σὺ δ' ἀπτόλεμος, καὶ ἀναλκὶς,
Οὔτέ ποτ' ἐν πολέμῳ ἐναείθμιος, οὔτ' ἐνὶ βουλῇ. Hom. Il. 2.

Plenus rimarum es, hac atque illac perfluis. *Ter. Eun.*

* Naſcitur in Sardinia quædam herba, Sardoa vocata: hæc comeſa ora hominum rictus dolore contrahit, & quaſi ridentes interimit. *Serv.*

Imò ego Sardoïs videar tibi amarior herbis. *Virg.* 7 *Ecl.*

† Miſenum Æoliden, quo non præſtantior alter
Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu.

Sed tum forte cavâ dum perſonat æquora conchâ
Demens, & cantu vocat in certamina Divos. *Virg.*

View

View *Flatulus* amid his fiery Throng * ;
All *Cambria* riſes at his Trumpet-Tongue!
The Riot-Crew in ſavage Order bend,
And in rude Notes th' affrighted *Æther* rend.

Thus the wild, watchful Gander wakes his Train †:
They ſoar aloft, and quit the deſert Plain:
In clouded Squadrons cleave the liquid Sky,
Skream as they riſe, and gabble as they fly.

So, if on *Aſia*'s wide-extended Plains,
Her Warrior-Sons lead forth their hoſtile Trains,
United Swarms of Vulturs, from afar,
Snuff up, and ſcent th' approaching Glut of War:
From barren *Caucaſus* they wing their Way,
Big with Deſtruction, and their future Prey.

Lycus returns triumphant from the War,
And welcome Shouts attend the Victor's Car.
He feels their Friendſhip by their grateful Duſt,
While in the ſwarthy Preſs his Chariot's loſt.

Here, Oaken Boughs a wide Nutation ſpread,
And *India*'s ſmokeful Weeds their Temples ſhade ‡;
There, ruddy Wine enflames the madding Croud,
Who tell their Joy for ev'ry Sip aloud ‖.

At length he comes, the ſober Hero comes:
Print forth, ye Journals, and ſound forth, ye Drums!

Thus old *Silenus* in proud Orgies rode * *,
While Aſs's Brays proclaim'd the dozing God.

Purſue theſe Arts, oh worthy of Renown † †,
And plant a Laurel in the Civic Crown!

---

* The Demagogue of the *Welch* Rioters at the late Election of a Member for the City of *Cheſter*.

† On void courir chez lui leurs troupes éperduës,
Comme l'on void marcher les bataillons de Gruës. *Lut. Cant.* 1.

Τῶν δ' ὡς τ' ἀρνείων πετηνῶν ἔθνεα πολλὰ
Χηνῶν, ἢ γεράνων, ἢ κυκνῶν δουλιχοδείρων
Ἔνθα ἔνθα ποτῶνται, ἀγαλλόμεναι πτερύγεσσι,
Κλαγγηδὸν πεκαθιζόντων, σμαραγεῖ δέ τε λειμών. Hom. Il. 2.

Ceu quondam nivei liquida inter nubila cycni,
Cum ſeſe è paſtu referunt, & longa canoros
Dant per colla modos——————*Virg.* 7 *Æn.*

‡ Tobacco.

‖ See *Waller*.

* * Orgies, ὄργια——Revels and Feaſts in Honour of *Bacchus*, the God and Patron of all Dealers in Wine.

† † (Hæ tibi erunt artes) ——————*Virg.*

So may thy Neck the coſtly Chain adorn,
And a new *Settle* gild thy Pageant-Morn.

But hold my Muſe! for factious Millions more
Ruſh on my Pen, an unexhauſted Store!
No tortur'd Page their Numbers can contain;
Lords, Fidlers, Knights, Cits, Wits, and Beaux complain.

So Crows and Daws on envious Pinions riſe *,
To mock *Jove*'s fav'rite Bird, who towres the Skies.
They flap, and croak, and urge th' unequal Chace,
He flies their Noiſe, and wings his glorious Race.

Then ſtop thoſe needleſs, but provokeful Strains:
Lo! *Britain* ſmiles; for lo! *Auguſtus* reigns †!
He, Freedom's Monarch! Prince of Liberty!
Enſlaves all Hearts, but leaves all Fortunes free:
And makes thoſe Bleſſings endleſs, as divine,
By the long Glories of his beauteous Line.

Ye Slander-Scribblers, Doggrel Scourge of Rhymes!
Ye Journal-Mongers, and ye Whips of Times!
Ye Dulneſs' Baſeborn, tho' beneath my Rage,
Yet take the haſty Blottings of my Page!

See baleful *D'Anvers* deadly Feud diſtil ‡!
His Guardian *Dæmons* guide his venom'd Quill.

See dire *Revenge* by Fits turn pale and glow,
Now ſeem the lurking, now the daring Foe!
See! *Falſhood* next her motley Figure rears;
An Infant's Head, and Giant's Limbs ſhe bears:
Ill-blended Colours ſtain her various Breaſt;
Her nether Parts confeſs, nor Man, nor Beaſt:

---

* ——————λάβεσι
πάγγλωσσια, κόσμιαι ἅς
ἄκραντα χαρύετον
Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιχα θεῖον. Pind. Olymp. Ode 2.

Quæ voces avium? quanti par inane volatus? *Claud.*

Mobilitate viget, vireſque adquirit eundo. *Virg.*

† Hic vir, hic eſt, tibi quam promitti ſæpius audis,
Auguſtus Cæſar, divûm genus: aurea condet
Secula qui rurſus Latio, regnata per arva
Saturno quondam——————*Virg. 6 Æn.*

Hic rem Romanam magno turbante tumultu
Siſtet——————*Virg.*

‡ ἐγὼ δέ τοι φίλαν πόλιν
μαλεραῖς ἐπιρλέγων ἀοιδαῖς,
ἢ φάναος ἵππιον θᾶσσον,
ἢ ναὸς ἐκπέτεται, πτερωτὰ
ἀγγελίαν πέμψω ταύταν. Pind. Ol. 9 Od:

Μάνη κακῶν, οὐ πώποτέ μοι τὸ κρύπτον εἶπας. Hom.

Between two clashing Shades the Monster stands,
And grasps a Monkish Legend in her Hands.
Here sneaks *Ingratitude*, half deaf, half blind;
There saucy *Faction* bellows to the Wind.
Here purple *Pride* her haughty Circuit takes:
There wry-mouth'd *Calumny* her Serpents shakes:
Sedition here her Race of Furies leads,
And born in Horror, endless Horror breeds.

Hence springs, oh *Caleb!* thy all-partial Spleen;
Hence flows the gallful Matter of thy Pen:
Hence, foul with Ink, thine hideous Satyr bites,
Calumniates, libels, pines, frets, raves, and writes *.

Auspicious *Fog!* thrice meriting thy Brother;
Whose Track thou follow'st, as one Wheel the other †!
Ye boast one *Driver*, and one *Rut* possess;
Alike your Dangers, and your Task no less.

Proceed, bless'd Pair! jog on; now in, now out,
And dash the Ooze of Politics about!
Nor Sense, nor Fear the whirling Mischiefs stay,
But Scandal's Trace deep mark the plashy Way ‡.

And now, my *Cassius*, take a last Farewel * *.
Thou rueful, senseless, warbling Philomel!
Tho' no rough Accents gargle in thy Throat,
Yet murm'ring Malice breathes in ev'ry Note:
To ev'ry Eye thy Libel stands confest,
And thy feign'd Names but ill conceal the rest.

What pilfer'd Slanders hast thou, Bard! reveal'd;
"How blunder'd out whate'er should be conceal'd!"

Thus simple Hens their hidden Nests betray,
And lose their Eggs, by cackling where they lay.

---

* ——————nam sic tanquam alta in dolia longus
Deciderit Serpens, bibit & vomit—————— *Juv. 6 Sat.*

Purpuream vomit ille animam, & cum sanguine mista
Vina refert moriens.—————— *Virg. 9 Æn.*

† Nam quamvis prope te, quamvis temone sub uno,
Vertentem sese frustra sectabere canthum,
Cum rota posterior curras, & in axe secundo. *Pers. 5 Sat.*

Unum pectus habent, fideique immobile vinclum. *Manil.*

‡ Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit,
Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
Lucit amabiliter: donec jam sævus apertam
In rabiem verti cæpit jocus, & per honestas
Ire minax impune domos—————— *Hor. Lib. 2. Epist. 1.*

* * Of his Predecessor, *Tacitus*, in his usual Brevity, gives this Account: Viros illustres procacibus scriptis diffamaverat. *Horace* lashes him in his 6th Epode, which he stiles thus. In Cassium severum, Poëtam maledicum.

Then

Then think, ill-fated Youth! revolve in time,
What various Vengeance waits thy buſy Crime.

Lo! high in Air a proud Sedan diſplay'd,
That o'er yon Flood projects a trembling Shade!
In this my Bard ſhall mount th' aërial Way *,
Then, like his *Phœbus*, plunge into the Sea.

But oh, diſhoneſt Sight! when thou'lt appear
With mangled Noſe, and ſpoil'd of either Ear †;
Thou'lt curb thy ſhameleſs Ardor to be known,
And then, as now thou ſhould'ſt, thy Name diſown.

Be once adviſ'd, and if (thy Genius ſpent)
Thy gorg'd and glutted Spleen can e'er relent,
No more thy gingling Ribaldry rehearſe,
Nor with ſtol'n Numbers ſhame the God of Verſe.

But bid thy Patrons ſhew the candid Heart,
And nobly ſcorn a baſe, inſidious Part;
Reſtrain, at length, their ſordid, puny Spite ‖,
So ſhalt thou ceaſe to rail, and I to write.

---

* Sublimi feriam ſidera vertice. *Hor.*

Perhaps the Invention of the Ducking-Stool, which does not ſeem to be a very unpoetical one, was taken from *Euripides*.

Θάλασσα κλύζει πάντα τ' ἀνθρωπῶν κακά.

† ——————populataque tempora raptis
Auribus, & truncas inhoneſto vulnere Nares. *Virg. 6 Æn.*

‖ Sed quis erit modus? aut quo nunc certamine tanto?
Quin potius pacem æternam——————
Exercemus—————— *Virg. 4 Æn.*

FINIS.